

Quiescence

MUSINGS AGAINST A SETTING SUN



VIJAY FAFAT

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WALKING STICK PUBLICATION



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*Words dropped from that elegant book
stay uncollected on the floor;
as the barbarians have left
the gentle reader at the gate.*



Foreword

The image of a flaming sun chasing its own colors as it plunges into an illimitable sea is a frequent allegory, never exhausted. When one reads Longfellow's:

*"Fiercely the red sun descending
Burned his way along the heavens"*¹

a myriad metaphors spring to mind; a resplendent Hindu god riding his golden chariot, a thief stealing away hopes, a divine painter profligate with her palette, an extinguishment of desires, a heartless cleaver of wax wings². It brings alive the 19th century paintings of gas lights, cobbled streets and Victorian characters, villages in India bathed in smoke-and-orange lanterns, melancholic and tawdry reflections of light in bays and canals, the flickering vignettes of silhouettes and chiaroscuro. The crimson of the sinking sun strums at the heart as the end of an era, harkening a creeping uncertainty away from the brightness, of the silence of solitude which pervades sad rooms and cobwebbed corners.

The evening is an overflowing vessel of emotions, poised on the edge of melodrama. For the reveler, it promises bottomless goblets of drunken charms and tipsy *soirees*; for the homeless, it is a merciless clutching of pervasive hunger and an impotent future. A recluse experiencing the *weltschmerz* enveloping him on a hill-top watches over the same darkening shroud veiling the world which the

¹ Henry Longfellow, *"The Song of Hiawatha"*.

² and ironically reflecting in its own descent the plight of Icarus plummeting from the sky...

courtesans and burglars so celebrate. The act of setting simultaneously promises the poet the budding moon and a long night of feast to the vampires of the psyche.

Little wonder then that our thoughts wander over the range of affairs afflicting them in the witching hour of the twilight, where imagination finds its secret wings and elevates into other realms. The expansive mind coins words, phrases, neologisms in its restlessness as a child learning to express itself, searching for a frisson out of the ordinary. The fleeting rays of the sun inspire much spark inside our questioning self, nudging it to seek the waving, uncertain contours of the unknown.

In the contemplative mood of the grey dusk does the inner mind turn to distant philosophy, wishing for things different and varied; of variations on set practices; of a cooler world with gentler aspirations. Fantasy cavorts with reality in the distortions of the evening shadows. Imagine the moment of equilibrium at the edge of a pond when dusk falls, a droplet of time hanging on to the perfect silence which reigns right before the crickets start chirping and birds flutter out in a flock, swarming across the velvet sky. *That* is the moment which launches the flight of fancy, as it should. Any earlier, and the clarity of vision would preclude phantasmal thoughts; *The Arabian Nights* would not have the same element of thrill and mystery if they were *The Arabian Days*.

The submerging sun teaches much in its fall...

The verses here reflect these peregrinations of the ruminating mind. In isolation, they are hesitant thoughts, uncertain of their own meaning and pith. All they request

is the reader's immersion in their figurative pond, making the author's craft invisible. They wish not to convey an experience of cleverness or a flash of emotion at an arm's length; their fulfillment lies in their connection with what the reader's pen seeks to write. If the inner voice whispers:

*"The mortal spirit strives
for a decent death in life."*

is it thinking about the Syrian refugees, the country-less Rohingya, or the daily death of a thousand hungers? Is it also cautioning in the same inferring breath?:

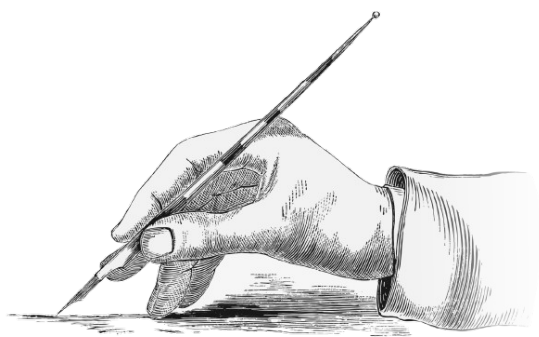
*"Mind the abyss between man and humanity,
there sits the dark psyche of the untamed mind."*

Perhaps it is concluding that

"A hand raised to strike cannot bless..."

I leave all these musings to you, my friend, while I partake some more of the spreading twilight.

Vijay Fafat
Singapore
20 October, 2017



Ask Dante

Whither the purgatory
for the sins of God?



Responsibility

In an innocent embrace
of human trace,
give what you hold,
multifold.



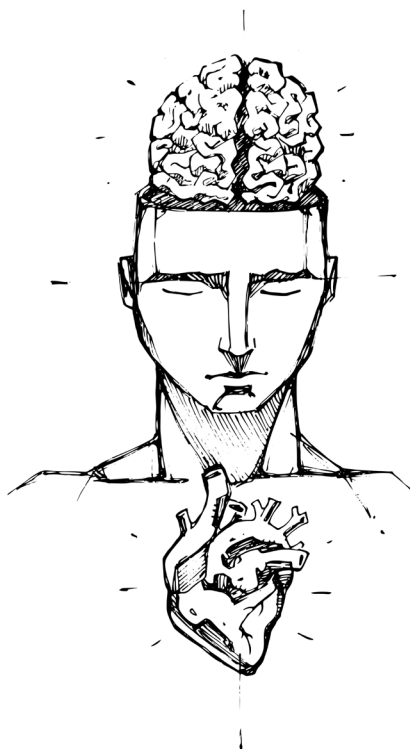


Storehouse

Unknowingly we squirrel away
nuggets of misinformed prejudice.

Practical

Suspended in ether somewhere...
all good intentions.



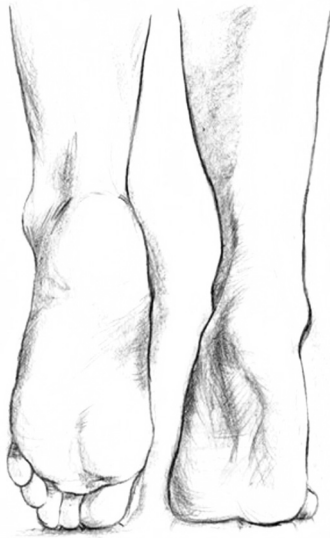


Mirror

Actions betray
desires unseen.

Gandhian

At every step,
the soles forgive the feet.



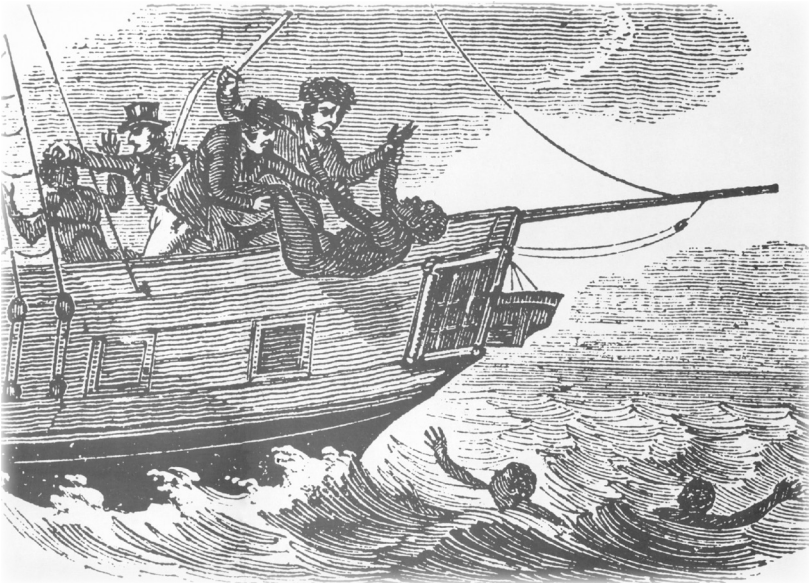
Solitude

Soliloquy, it speaks to itself,
and recounts the joy of conversation.



A Dark Act

Swing the burning lantern of racial prejudice,
and watch the fearsome dance of shadows ensue.



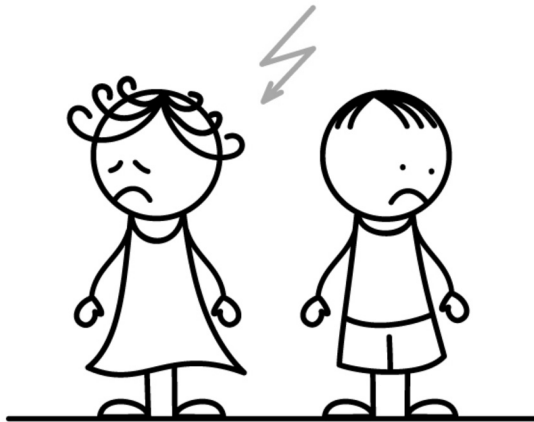


Regrêr

Eyes She the Creation She wrought,
and weeps the tragedy
of a myriad wastelands...

Arsenal

Wield them if you must,
these ancient weapons of choice.
Vicious. Malicious.
The knife. The word.





Fulfilled

Let the arrow of life
get my heart, not back,
and when I fall, let me fall,
face turned to the sky,
in fair blue peace,
and contented sigh...



Man Of God

He worships an idle stone
in a consecrated temple,
and kicks a dog - that child -
begging on mean streets...



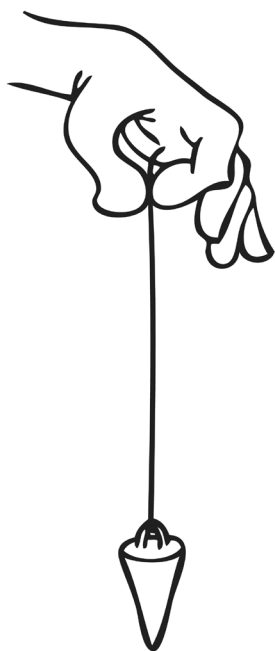
Destined

Are we not to realize
the ways of our folly?
In war can we not see
the crumbling grit of humanity?



Contentment

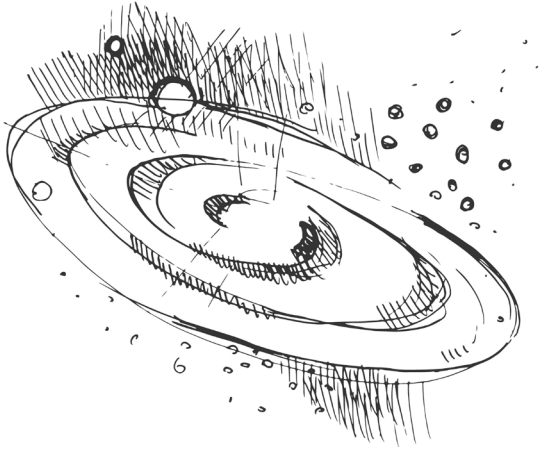
Plumb your needs
with measured string.





Pitfalls

With care, beware!
Too facile it is
to give tongue to griefs,
and lend ears to flattery.

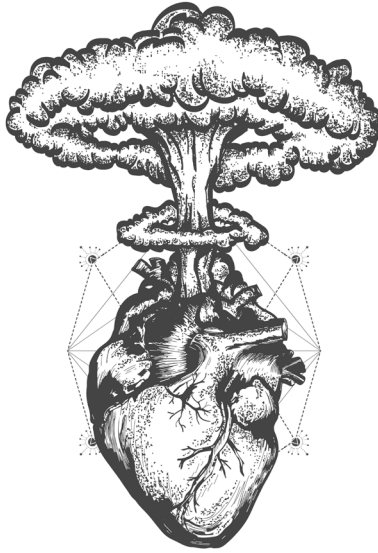


Blink

With passive indifference
do the stars shine above,
come famine, peace, or war,
lording over the eternal silence
above our swirling chaos,
which lasts but a moment
on the cosmic horizon.

Poisoned Knowledge

Must you open the box of Pandora
just to prove you have found the key?



In Greek mythology, Pandora was the first human created by the god of fire, Hephaestus. After Prometheus stole fire from the gods and gave that as a gift to mankind, an angry Zeus handed a poisonous jar to Pandora for safekeeping, knowing she could not resist her own curiosity. Subsequently, once Pandora opened the jar, all the various evils spilled over on to the human world.



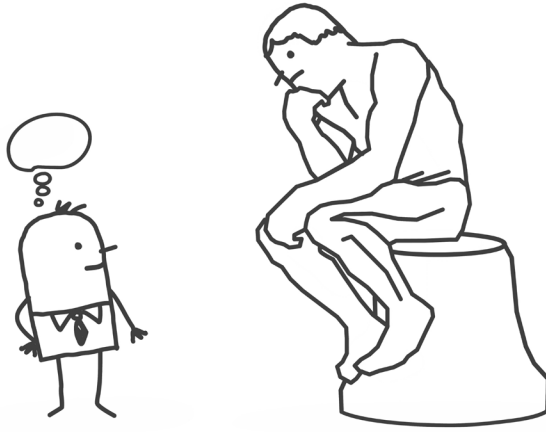
Beckoning

Her vision spoke in couplets,
with wine-soaked eyes.
Of distant wonders
were those promises made.

Embossed

Must we be slaves to this...
...this moment of vanity imposed by others?





Précept

Beware the chasm
between Thought
and Act.

No dearth in this world
of actionless sentiment.

Enemy Within

Stand guard on your humility.
Pride strikes with silent vigor...
...unseen.





Holy Man

There is a man of God at the door-steps.
He seeks to know the ways of this world.

Stop!

Arguments of unreasoning steel
are settled by flowing blood.
Words are not heard
while swords speak.



Expectations

Every destination,
every goal-post,
every milestone
at the other end of a desire
asks but one question
when you reach there:

“Am I everything you had hoped I would be?”





Abandoned

With his convictions discarded,
all that was left
was a small convict...
...a thief raiding his own house...



Poetic

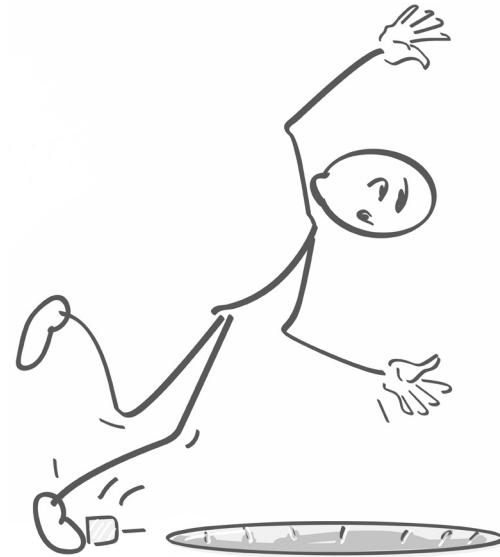
Withchutzpah the waiter put up a sign:

“Tipping is not a city in China”.

Well, neither is *“Begging”*.

Splashes

Stand clear of the self-righteous man,
for virtue falls without grace...





Mindscape

Some labyrinth lurks
in the shadows of my mind.

Just round that corner
hides the Truth.

If only the courage
to reach that turn
finds me...

Détente

Arrived.

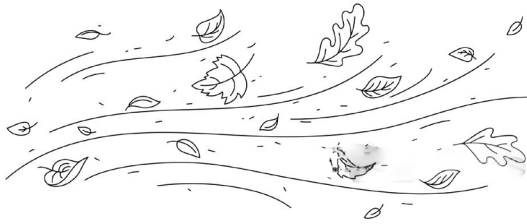
A quiverful of arrows
proclaiming peace.



Reposed

Garbed in naked truth,
a conscience at ease.





Caré

Tread lightly on fallen leaves.
They are the memories of once-young days...



Relative Grading

Transcend...

...this self-nurtured race without cause...





Admit It!

Recollection most vivid
of things unobtained...

Opportunities

Rue not the paths untaken;
many a fork lies yet ahead...





Secrêts

What stories his shadow tells!
Of places they have darkened...
...Together.



Who Would Have Guessed?

For all the time I was centered
on my inflated “I”;
self-important,
self-seeing,
solipsistic...

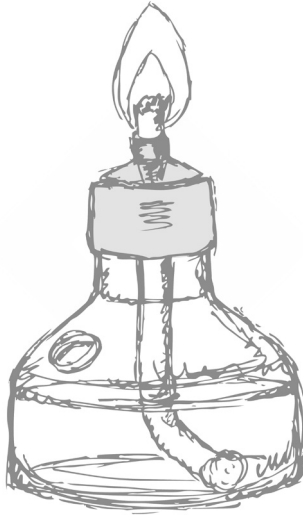
What surprise!
The world went on,
passing my pride without notice...

Pioneer

The winged horse he rides
on bare back with a stare;
takes his mind there
where no one else dares...



The illustration, "Across the Night Sky" was done by Dorothy Lathrop (1891 - 1980) for the book, "Down Adown Derry" by Walter de la Mare in 1922.



Compassion Scorched

Reams scribbled
 over the flame and the moth.
Who spares a thought
 for the burning oil?

Other Shoe

Borrow someone's hunger for a day.
Feel, for once, your humanity within.



Chit-Chat

What an inordinate amount of time we spend!
Digging holes in the air,
and filling them with endless chatter!





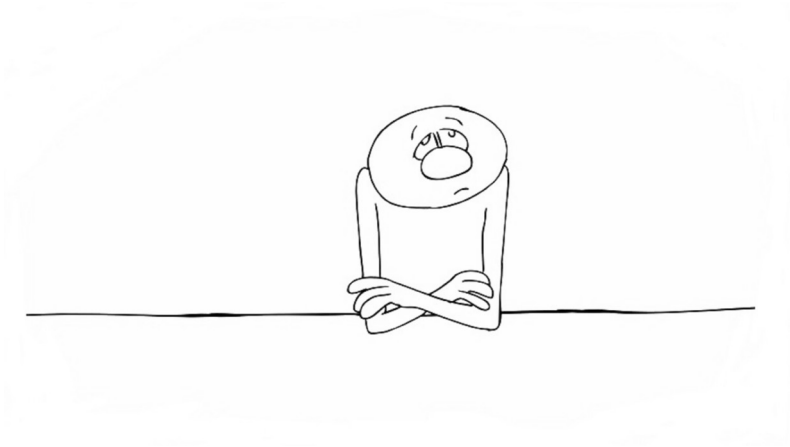
Simplify

Shed your preconceptions.
Think with the vocabulary of a child.

Prerequisite

On bent knees
must we pray for humility...



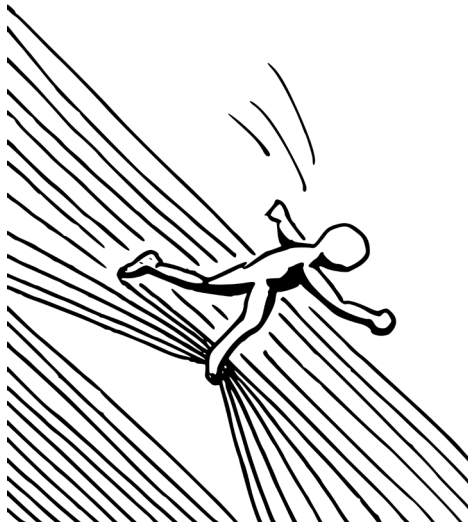


Language

What a turn of phrase, this life!
Perhaps another life sentence...

Of Superstition

Reason swims in logic.
Mind swims in fantasy.
And Folly...
Oh Folly!
Crumbles in a muddled puddle.





Irréversible

What he said
 was better left formless,
but wasn't...
...and speech carries swifter than the arrow,
neither paying heed to recall...



Rhetorical

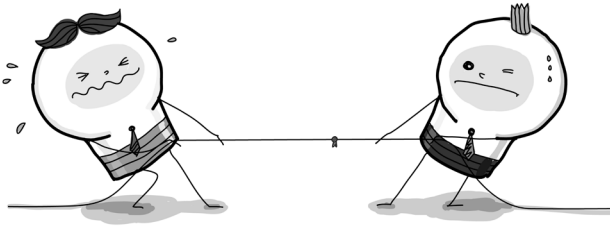
In the timeless realm,
a question hung in ether:

*“Why should swords quiver
and cannons thunder
in the land of
Gandhi,
Christ,
and Buddha?”*

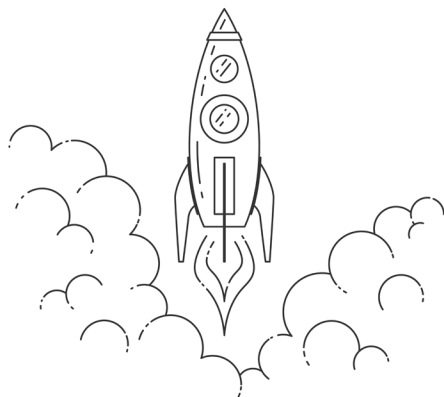
Answerless to His own Creation,
God bowed to Genghis Khan.

Self-Reference

The Law of Dichotomy
is either true or not.
There is no other choice.



The law of dichotomy is a principle of logical analysis. It divides any choice or subject under consideration into two mutually exclusive parts. The word “dichotomy” comes from the Greek words “dicha”, meaning “apart”, and “tomos”, meaning “cutting”. In modern logic as well as human affairs, we have come to realize that the Law of Dichotomy fails very frequently; that the world has many truth-values and is not to be divided into untangled parts...



Extend

Rise in your spirit.
Reach for the stars...
...Within.





Offering

There are lives
 which should never have lived,
and some
 for which Reckoning should have waited.

Choose!



Quiescence - Musings Against a Setting Sun

Parâdise



Paint me this picture and take me there
O Keeper of Palettes!

A lone house dotted on the distant horizon.
A green palm next to it.
A winding stream.
A bleating goat.
A sleepy cow.
A frisky dog.
A meadow.
Ourselves.

Let us build our Elysium,
all anew...





Descend

Pay heed to the vertigo.
Put a ladder against your tall ego
and climb down.

Reboot

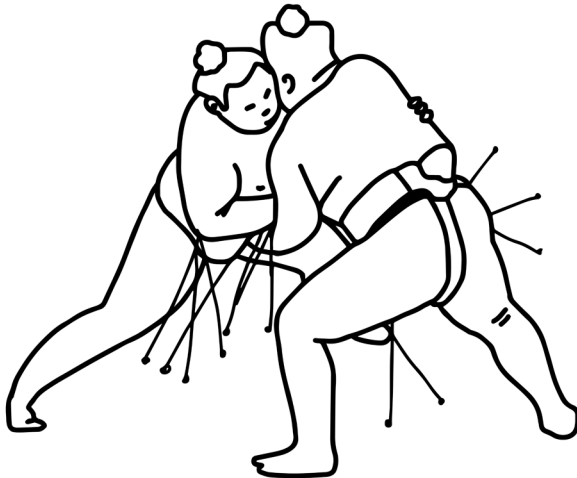
It won't be long before the Almighty decides:

“All of this is not worth the trouble...”



Matched

When an irresistible force
meets an immovable object,
a treaty of détente is inevitable.





Molehill

Deliciously tasteless...
the art of pinching the inconsequential,
and inflating it into a fact of life...

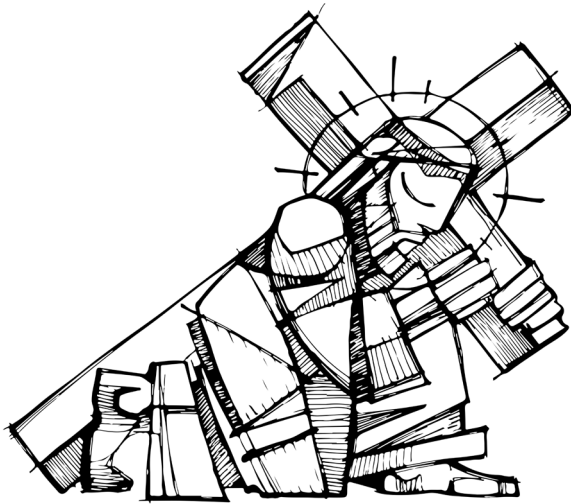
And How!

The carnage!

The slaughter!

The river of flowing shame....

Indeed, God has fallen from His Graces.





Fast Track

In our busy lives,
we have come to expect salvation
through our two-minute God...

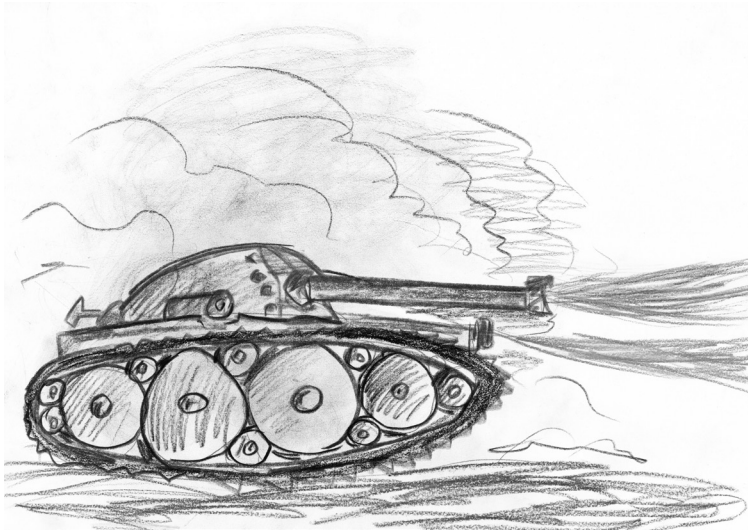


Take Stock (Before You Mock)

O Lamplights mocking the shadows!
Reckon how low your oil runneth...

Watchers

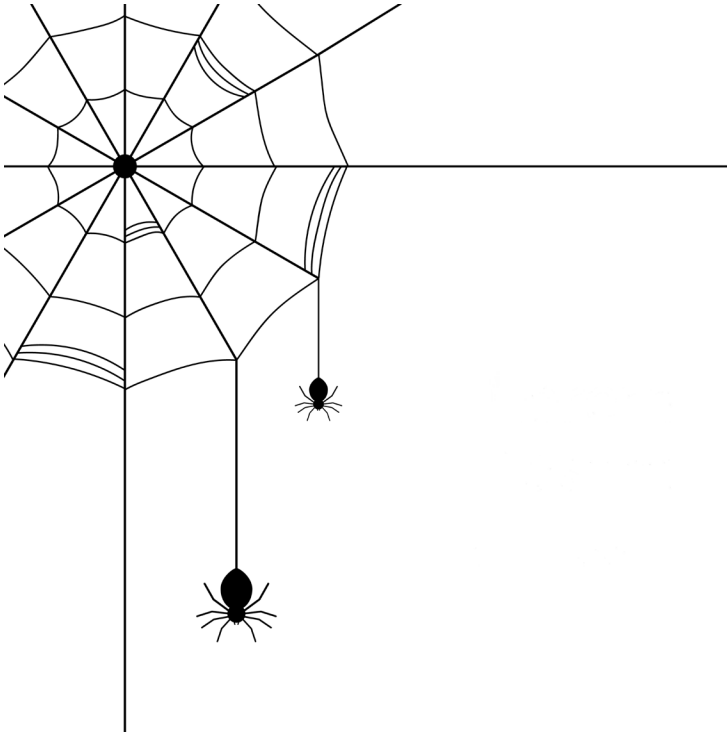
Heavens can only read
what mortals write in blood and folly...



Reflect

Let your pen pause at a comma in thought,
but stop not at the ending dot...





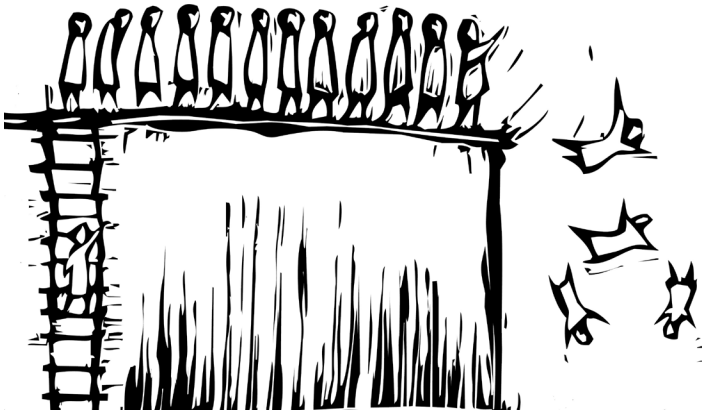
Adversary

Pugilism is an art,
but utterly wasted on cobwebs.

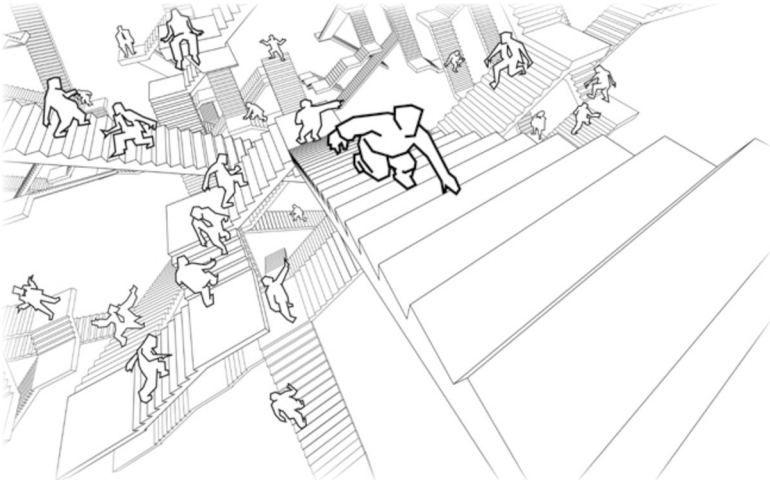
Pugilism = the art of boxing

Headlong

“On to the coal mines!”,
shouted the charging canary...



Canaries are a classic example of “sentinel species” - living creatures which are able to warn of danger to humans. Since 1896, canaries were used in coal mines to detect high levels of carbon monoxide, for they got sick quite quickly in its presence, thus alerting the miners. Ever since, the idiom, “Canary in a coal mine” has been used to describe an object which foreshadows some sort of risk.



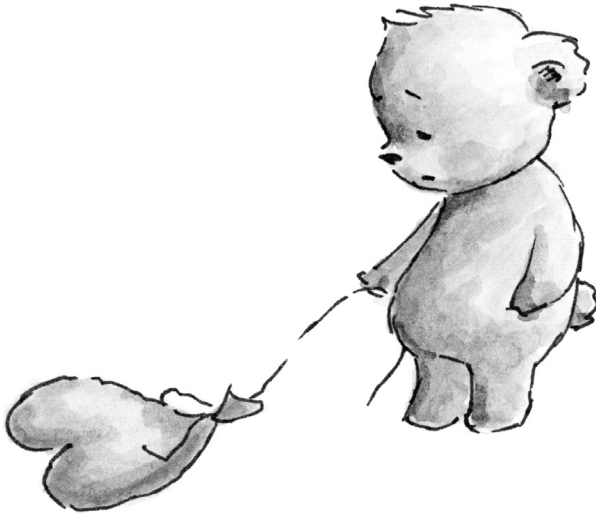
Religion

What hides in that labyrinth
of bottomless thought
and misleading reason?

Trust not the warren, O lost soul!
That tangled web...
shackling your humanity...

Moderate Your Assaults!

Is it not enough for the spear to thrust deep?
Must it, of excess, twist?





Unseen

Do not ignore a common brick, passer-by;
the world owes it some gratitude...



Scarlet Letter

Words, once written,
cannot be erased with more ink.

Unravel

In crossing the threshold of adulthood,
beware!

The trailing thread of conscience
often snags at the door-sill...



Ask Yourself

Do you live in terror of the ten commandments?





Open Mind

The doors of knowledge
swing on easy hinges,
if only the mind
wills to nudge them gently.

Unclutter!

Do not worry about the daily additions
and subtractions of the universe.

They will take care of their sums
without your worried input.





Eh?

Birds of a prayer frock together.

A frock, in addition to being a woman's dress, also refers to a long gown with flowing sleeves, as worn by clergies, priests, and monks.



Friendless

Do not weep for the stars;
they are well.

Grieve for the darkness
which no one consoles...

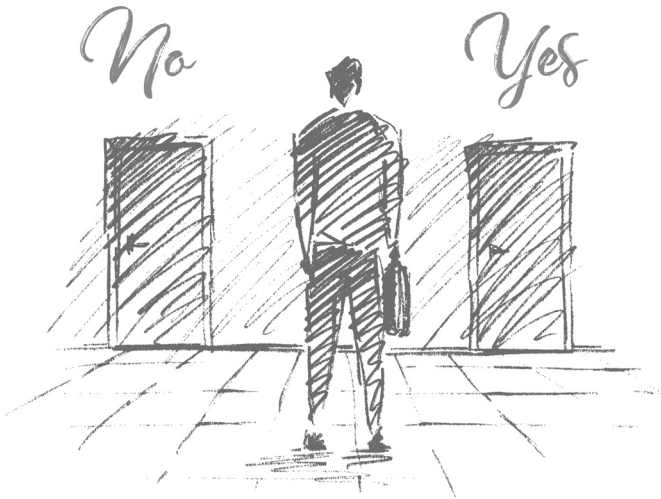
Beware

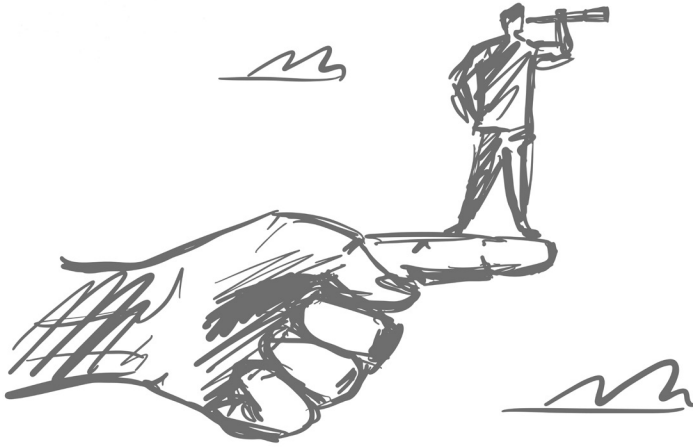
In the fullness of flesh breeds vanity.
With wasted wealth comes the wisdom of ruin.



Fortune's Way

Disrespect not the doors
which open of their own volition.
No choice then
but Enter.





Span

A man's ambition dictates
the distance to his horizon.

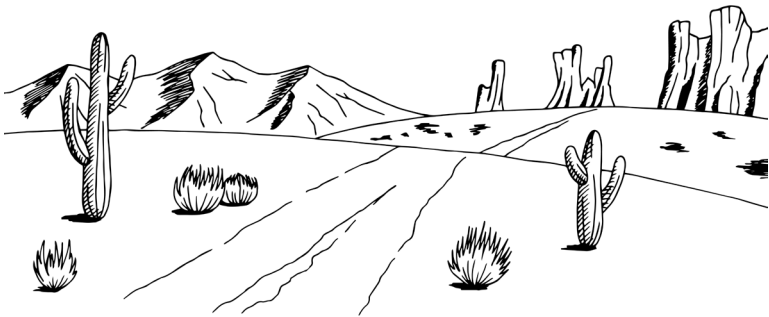


Binary

A man claims character,
or he claims nothing...

Road-Signs

The road never speaks
to one without wise ears.





Maturity

A stumbling toddler wants to fly.

Oh!

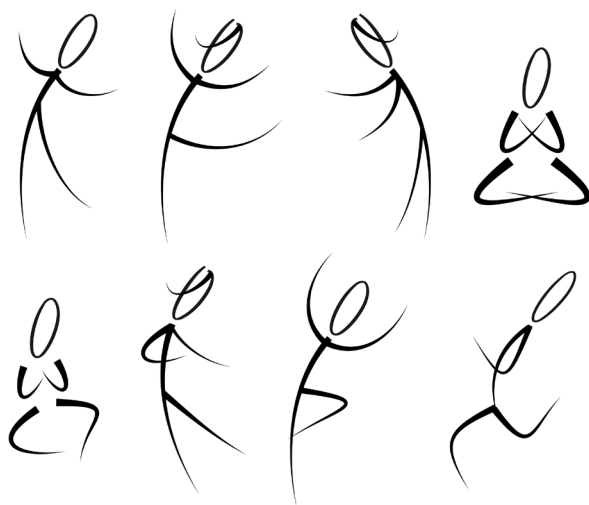
Men...

and their weapons...

Unformed Substance

Gauge the import of emptiness.
Reflect on the form of a keyhole.





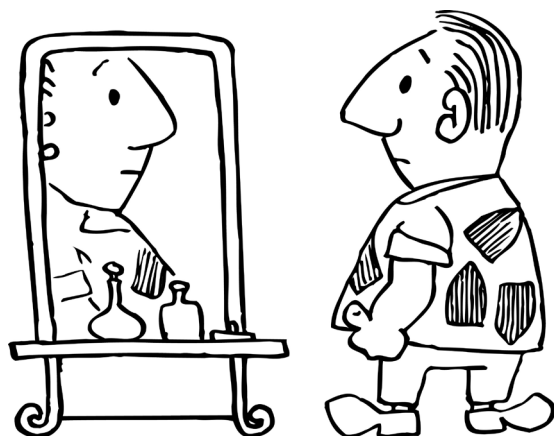
Ignite

The End tugged at the Beginning:
“Start! For I must find my expression!”

Mythology

The story wrote itself on paper,
and the mythical author was born.
So it is with the universe,
and such is the allegory of God.



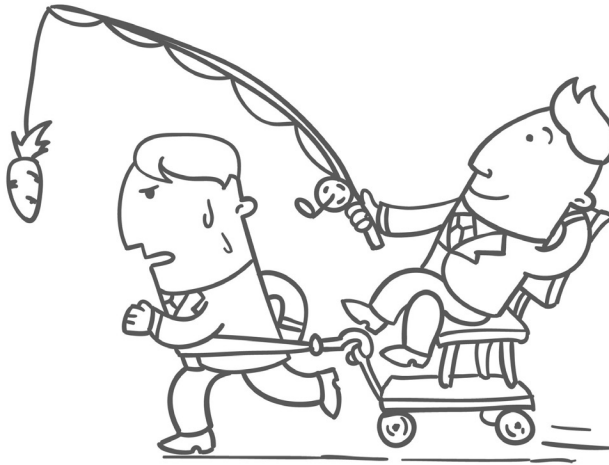


Inward

It suffices to see your reflection
in a single mirror.

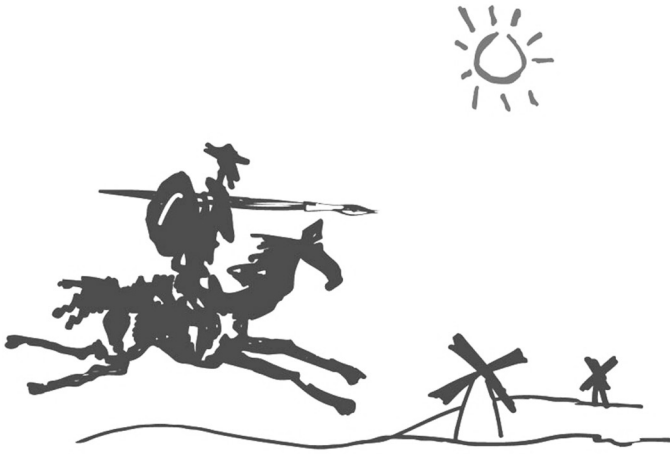
Barely Cleared

In life we unknowingly subscribe
to an insurmountable philosophy of mediocrity...



Hand-In-Hand

Bravery borrowed from a weapon
often leads to grief of stupidity.



The image shows one of the most famous characters in literature, “Don Quixote” (“kee-ho-tay”), Alonso Quijano, along with his faithful sidekick, Sancho Panza, appearing in the legendary Spanish novel, “Don Quixote” by Miguel de Cervantes (1547-1616). They are charging a group of windmills, under the imaginary thought that those were giant enemies.



Much Ado

A tempest !!!

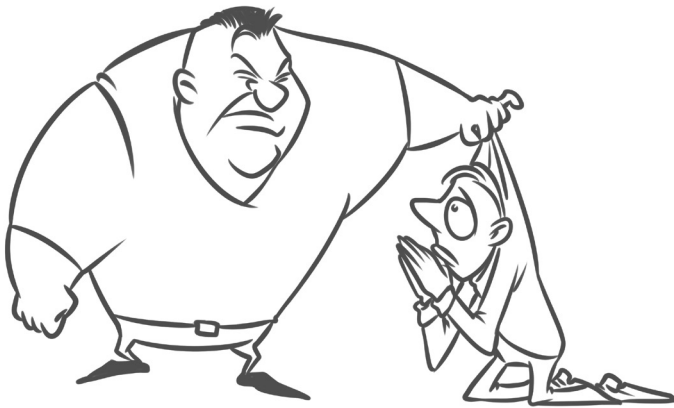
A squall !!

A gale !

Oh, a gust...

Once Bartered...

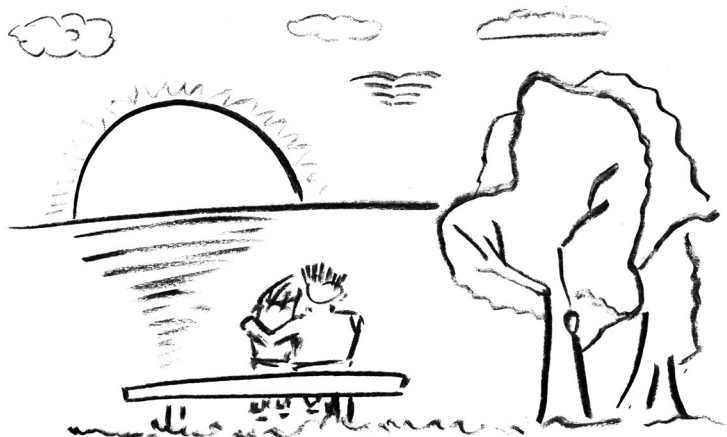
Lay not a claim over mortgaged principles.
They are forfeited in that bankruptcy.





Observe

Afore the eyes falls the unnoticed detail.



Twined

The shared conspiracies of their eyes,
they speak in unknown words,
braiding their secret threads
of amorous lies...

Unwise

The shallow mind stands
on the thin promontory
of narrow thoughts...





Decide

A coin flipped
must face up to its fall,
or show its tail;
there is rarely
the middle ground of neutrality.

En Garde!

Doubts draw the breath out of Reason.

Don't you know?
Don't you need?



Pr serve

Save a promise
from an infidel's death.





Ipsa Facto

Promises made,
betrayals earned.

“Ipsa Facto” = by that very fact or act.

Proof

In God we trust..
despite the evidence...



HOLOCAUST
REMEMBRANCE DAY

The list of genocides, massacres, and wars causing deaths and miseries for hundreds of millions of human beings is endless. Is that not far more evidence for the existence of the Devil rather than some benevolent God?



Substance

Despite its pretenses,
a flying fish will never be in flight.
For all its modesty,
a caterpillar will.



Wisp-Ers

A pond of newslessness.

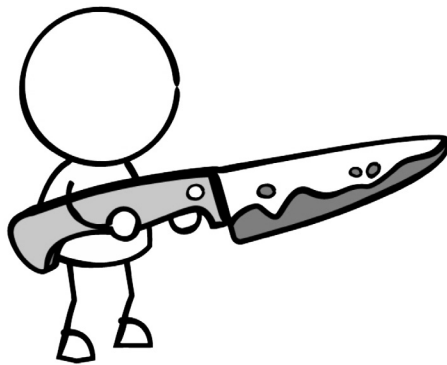
A pebble of boredom.

Waves of necessity.

Rumors!

Liability

A dagger without its handle
is dangerously useless.



Resonant

Who disturbs his mind
without disturbing
the harmony of the world?





Coax

Nurture a song
out of the unruly gong.

Shades Of Nature (Tunnel Vision)

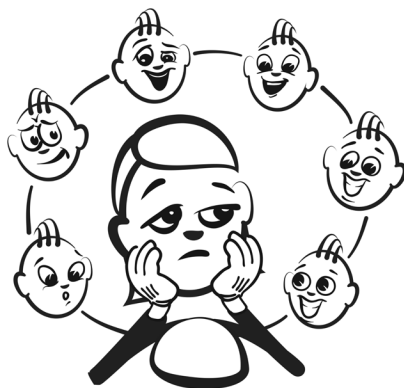
A zebra sees the world
in black and white stripes.





Reinvent

Let us remake the world afresh,
wipe out its ugly marks and mistreatments,
and give God an excuse to redeem Herself...



Steer Clear

Does it ever make sense to say
that the pencil was pencil-thin?
And yet,
we revel in tautologies
of intricate,
self-similar,
trivial
thoughts...

Pick A Side

There are shades of valor,
and there are shades of cowardice,
and somewhere between,
is the bright-brush line of Choice...





Jewel In The Chaff

Ignore the ignorance of others.
Imbibe their tutelage of experience.

Mis-Addressed

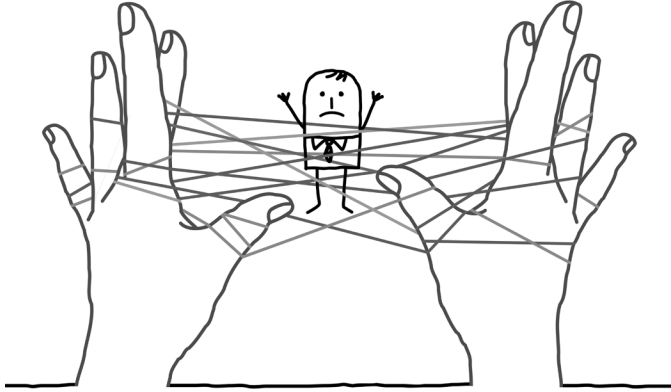
Of what use the shrine
where the deity dwells not?



Lift

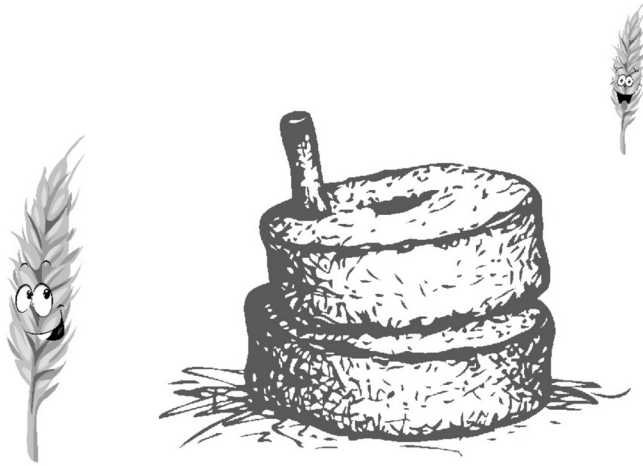
Under unturned stones will you find
the opportunities lost.





Shepherded?

Are we slaves to an invisible hand,
or masters of our own will?

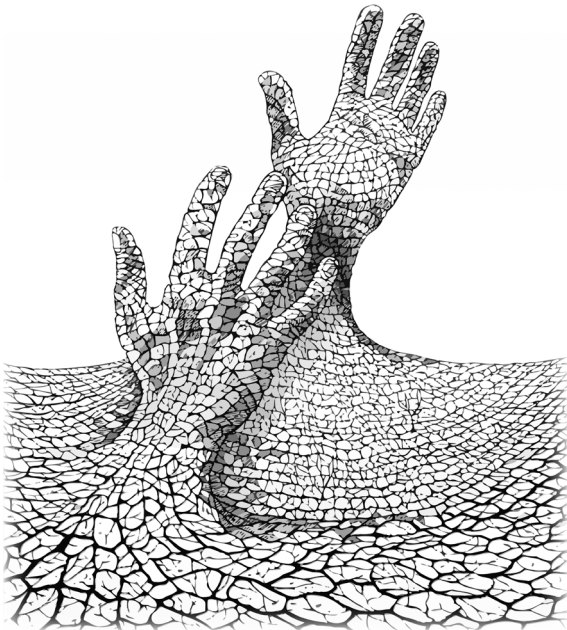


Lucrê's Lurê

With a very human lot of desires they started,
these two grains of wheat,
in a serious quest to be grist
for a pair of golden millstones...

Fabled Overlord

Over parched lands,
the cruel Keeper of the Skies
forbid the clouds from crying.



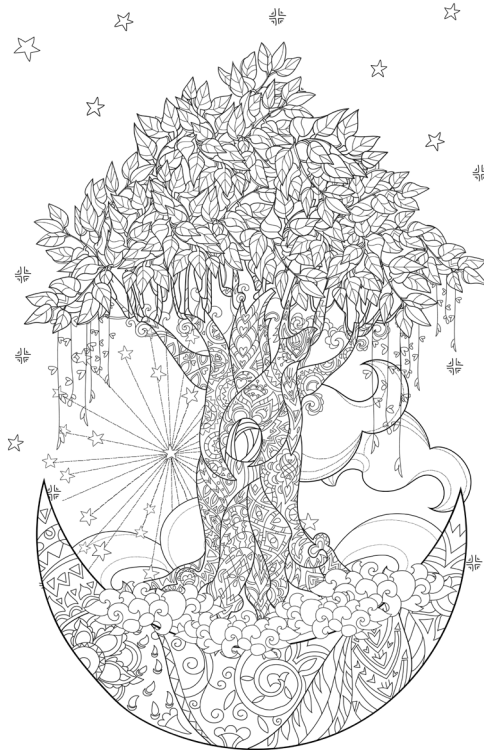


Safe Haven

The Good Lord, as our Shepherd,
keeps his silent, ceaseless vigil
in the Church's credo.
Of what consequence, if by the myriad,
His cattle slaughtered
in the suffering meadow?

Rooted

Adamant roots
do not notice
the flight of stars...





Principia Arcana

All this talk
of fire and water,
clay and mildew!
Not one whiff of mystery it clears...
...and yet,
so profound it sounds!

Mask not the Ignorance
in pretty words, my friend.

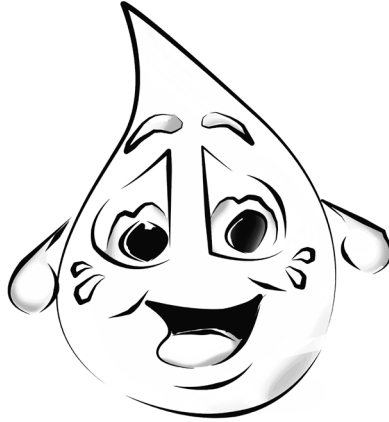
Lift the veil!

There be hidden principles at stake.

Rein It!

'tis an art
to silence your tongue
at moments judicious...



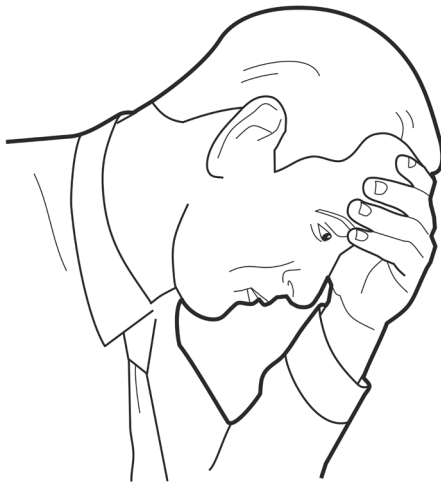


Standing Out

It is a remarkable drop of water
which can maintain its identity
while drowning in an ocean...

Oceans Unseen

The eyes wandering over visions...
seeking...
asking...
weeping...
for that one vision,
moved beyond the ken...





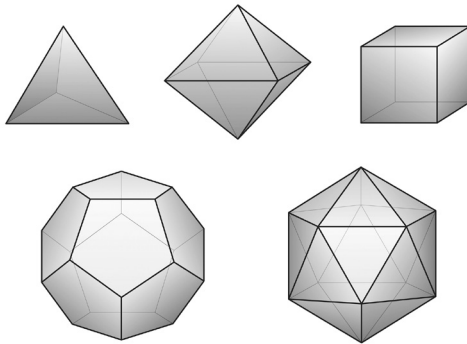
*A Voter Is Born
Every Minute
(Trump-ed)*

In democracy there is...
no protection...
against mass idiocy...

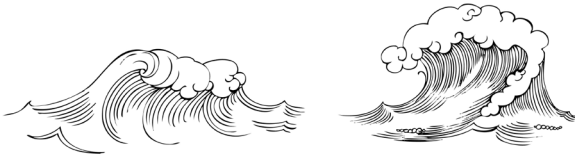
Platonic

Do not underestimate
the elegance of form
against the force of substance...

...for the form is a pattern of ideas
far more fertile
than the particular instance...



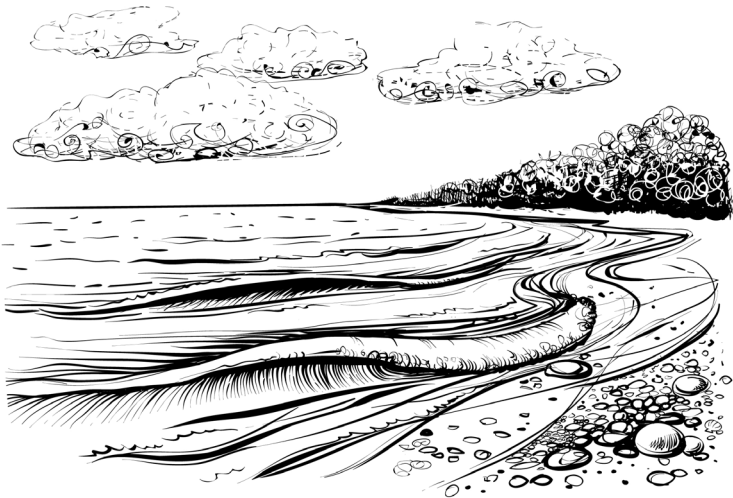
“Platonism” is a mystical philosophy propounded by the ancient philosopher, Plato (425 BC - 348 BC). It postulates the existence of eternal, changeless, and perfect abstract objects existing in a realm entirely distinct from external world of senses and the internal world of consciousness. The objects, or “Forms”, are the templates for ideas and tangible substance, based on which all the things of our Reality are created as copies of the corresponding Forms. Therefore, one can think of idealized Forms of “squares”, and “oranges”, and “evil”, amongst everything else.

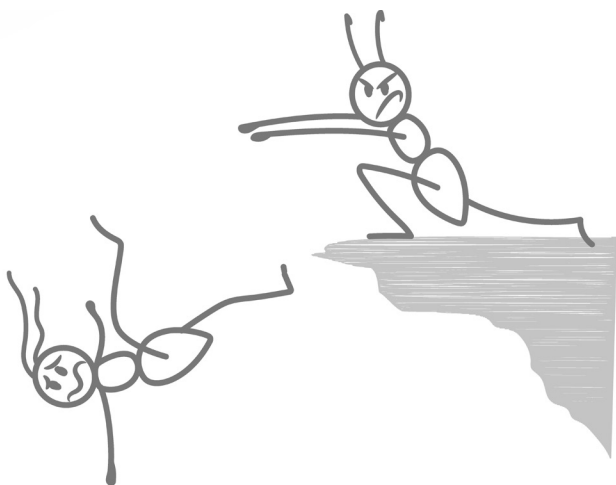


Co-Opt!

A truant wave
escapes the rolling sea
and spreads its joy
across the sand.

Make that wanton-ness yours!



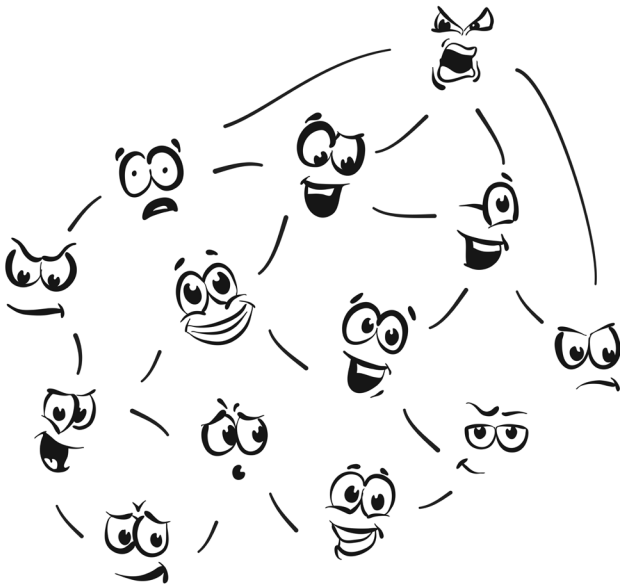


Disconnect

The core of hypocrisy:
action divorced from principle...

Rise

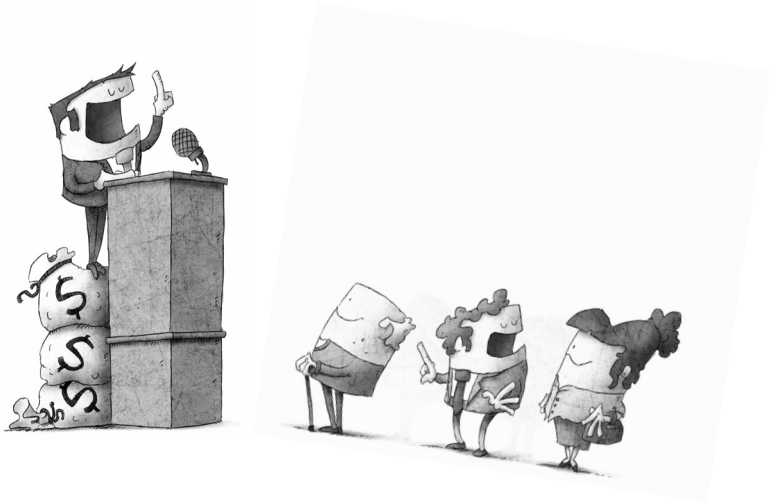
Art thou just clay and water,
or a soul of emotions animated?

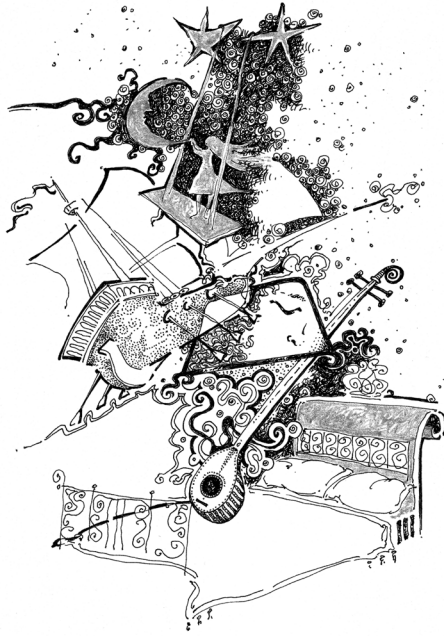


...But Some Are More Equal Than Others...

On the dance floor,
which was really,
but oh! really really tilted,
the politician tilted his head,
and proclaimed:

“Ahh! A level playing field!”





Dream-Field

A dream floated by idly,
searching for the drowsy eye;
or were it for luck,
alight in the world's blindness,
enlightening it anew...



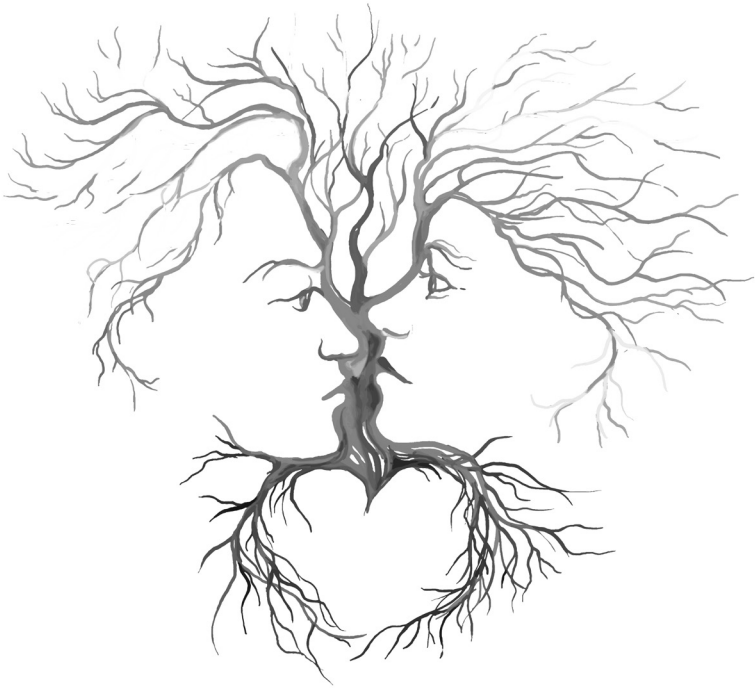
Open Mind

Knowledge waits on everyone.

Reach.

Principles

A dead tree is worth
the trunk on which it once stood.



Scripturēs

It may be revealed knowledge,
but you must still understand it on your own.





Asking

Is it a lie without mitigation
if I don't indulge the truth?

Loin-Cloth

He welcomes tatters
who has nothing.





Equanimus

Curse not what you understand;
bless not what you don't...

Nature Of Things

Fumbles.

Falls.

Inertia.

Recovers.

Redeems.

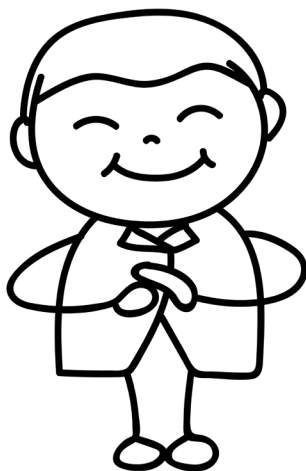
Free will.





Façade

Dazzle me not with your radiance;
you blind me.
Leave me just
with the simplicity of your thought.

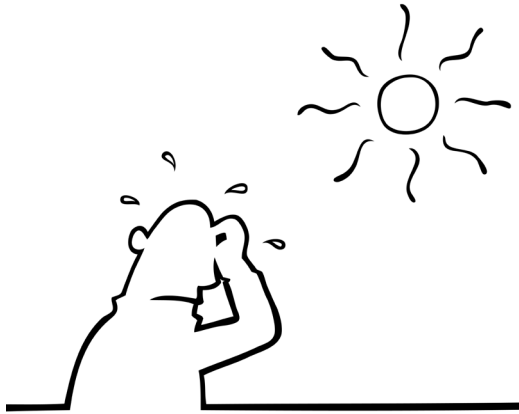


Obsequious

Dilute not
the vapidness of his personality
with false praise...

Vacillation

There he stood on the edge of a knife,
a man without beliefs;
afraid of discovering...
either faith,
or faithlessness...
for easy are not
the burdens each brings...



Dip In

A river of unwritten wisdom flows all around us,
if only we paused to notice its gentle gurgle...



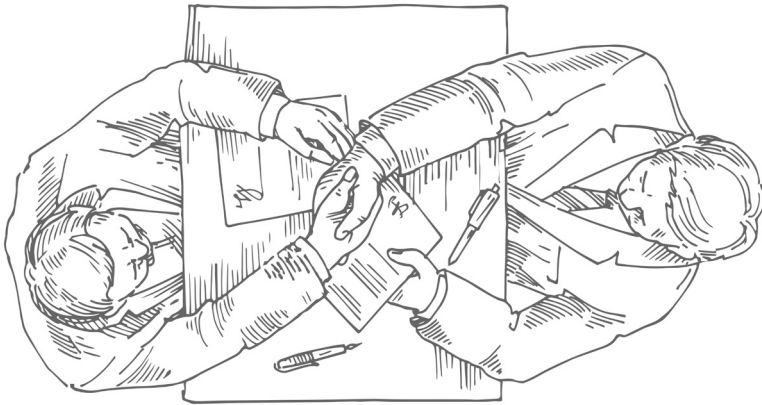


Co-Equals

We attribute to our gods the requisite vices
to measure down to the enlightened man.

Finding Nemo

A quest is like a ringing clap,
needing the hands of two to be wrought;
one to rise as the ardent seeker,
the other to guile as the worthy sought...





Temerity

Let us strap some wings,
and shake a fist at the angry sky.

A Good Thing, Too!

Yesterday cleanses itself
of all unpleasantness
with the passage of time,
and morphs itself
into incomplete memories
of pleasant nostalgia.



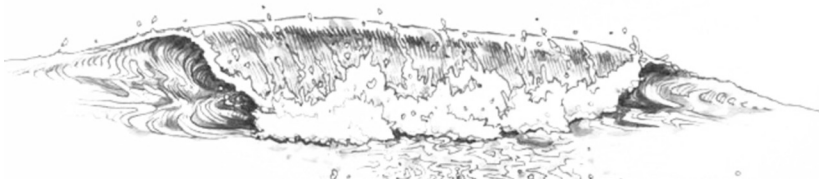


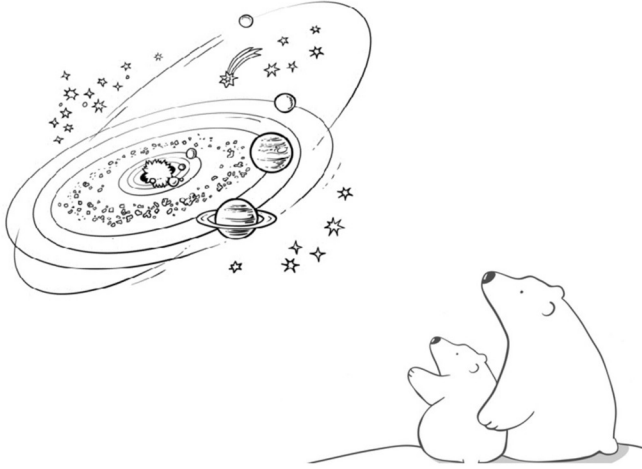
Drawn.. To Her

Fingers of light
play on the canvass of her eyes,
painting white lies...
of beauty and myth.

Strategic

Without the retreat
of its humble backwash,
the sea
would empty itself in its tides...





Wonder!

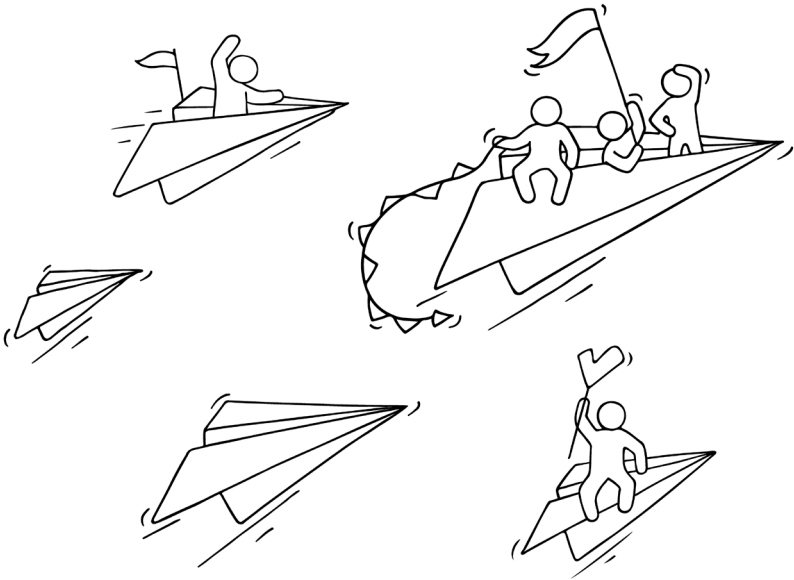
Think of the reins which rein in
these constellations of stars!

Tangled Relations

‘Tis not for a sharp blade to resolve
these disputes of brotherhood.
No sword of Alexander solved
the Gordian knot of kinship...



The legend of the “Gordian Knot” is associated with Alexander the Great. It had been prophesied that the one who could unravel the complex knot that tied an oxcart in Gordium, Phrygia (old Turkey) would rule all of Asia. In 333 BCE, Alexander was challenged to this task. Instead of untangling it laboriously as expected, he dramatically cut through it with his sword. Hence, “cutting the Gordian Knot” is used as a metaphor for a seemingly intractable problem which is solved through brute force.



Elevate

Raise to the zenith
things plebeian...

Temptress

Temptation!

She wears the naked robe
of shamelessness.





Ache's Wake

Deep from the heart of the goblet,
the rivulet of wine spoke,
with crystal memory of her,
and drunk as a winter night.



Behind the Smile...

Do not look at their twinkling joy,
and believe the stars are fine.

They burn.

They burn in their fires of repentance
in the darkness of their voids...

Learn

Even in descent,
a feather keeps its grace.





Icarus

Hold your pride in check;
fly with humility, my friend.
The consuming fire of people's envy
may burn the wax off your wings...

Icarus appears in the Greek mythology as a tale of caution on human pride. When King Minos imprisons the brilliant inventor, Daedalus, along with his son, Icarus, Daedalus builds feather wings attached with wax for escape. He warns Icarus not to fly too high, but in his exhuberance, Icarus flies close to the sun, causing the wax to melt, plunging him to his death in the sea...

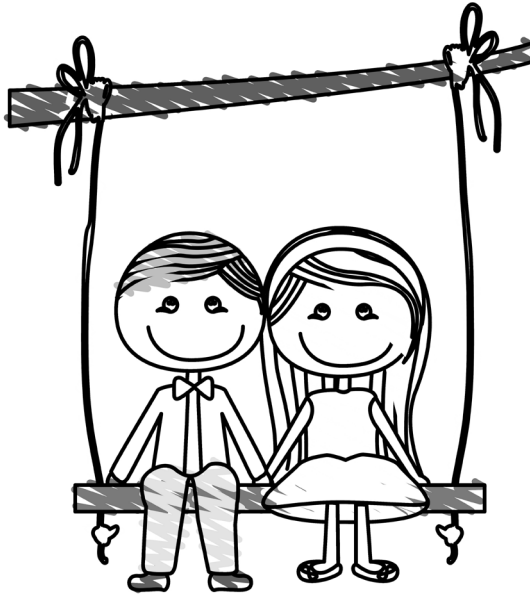
Explorer

The by-lanes of life
hide more than a surprise.



Had At “Hello!”

She was beautiful;
she was kind;
and that, my friend,
was all there was to it.





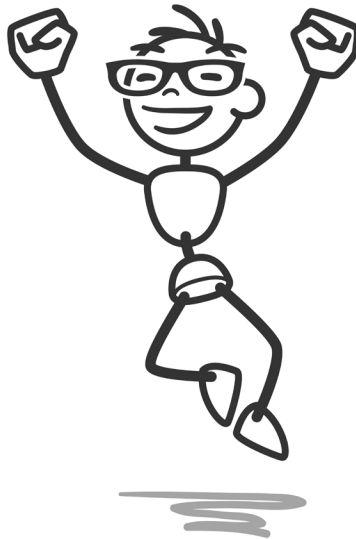
Be Human

To live and not err...

...where lies the joy there?

Determination

We've suffered some troubling times,
Procrastination has caused sorrow.
Let's act! Let's fix it!
Let's start in the earnest tomorrow!





Consider It!

To beg pardon...

...an act

which elevates by its own humility...



Give It A Chance

For an eternity will remain to critique,
what a moment of fancy may supply,
if only that moment could deny,
the banality of the critical eye...

If!

Oh! The pathos and longing
in the blue heart!

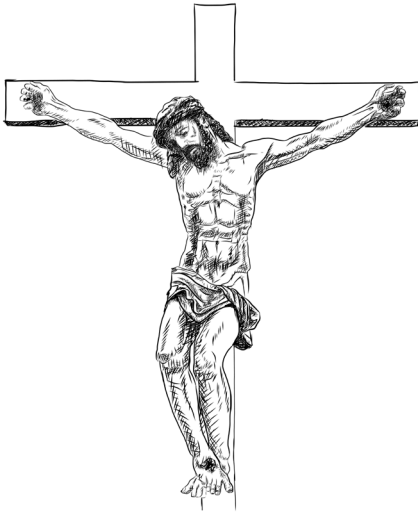
“If only THAT had happened!”...



Interpretation

Jesus died on the cross,
stilled forever...

...it was the *Idea* of a Savior
which found Resurrection...

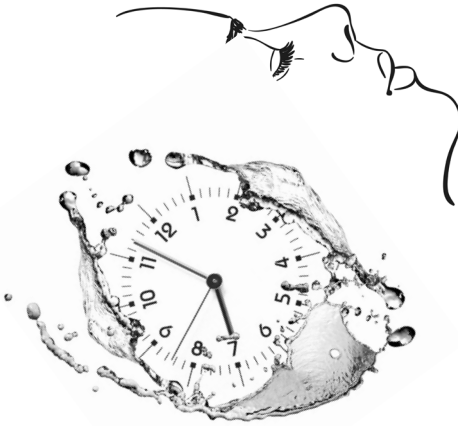


In Christian belief, Jesus Christ was crucified at Golgotha, a place close to Jerusalem. On the third day after his death, on Easter Sunday, Christ is supposed to have been resurrected by God, giving new hope to mankind and elevating Christ to the status of “Savior”, the one who had died for our sins.



Requiem

Is it pity or disdain one feels
for the lot which befalls Humanity?
To suffer Man's fate,
what else is Purgatory?



The Last Drop

The restless man chases
that last breath of his
for one more moment...
Oh! But just one more moment!
Of restlessness...

Father's Sentiment

Hold my finger and walk, little one!
A lifetime remains to run...



Expectations

With dejection, as He folded *The Book*,
the Lord pronounced with fading sight:

“Let there be conflagration!”,

and all was set alight.



set alight = set on fire.

In the Bible, Genesis 1.3 says:

*“Then God said, “Let there be light,”
and there was light.”*



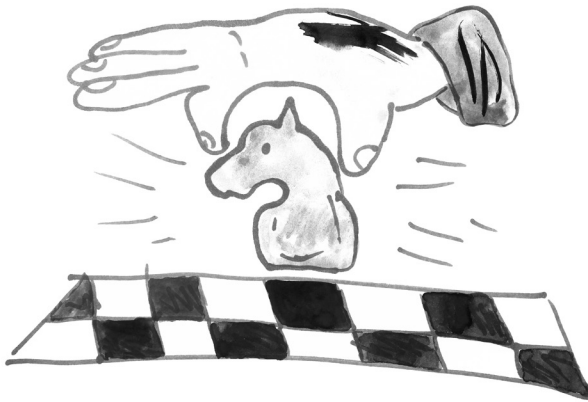
Rectify

We are all illiterate librarians,
tending to unknown books,
reading illegible titles,
floating in a sea of knowledge...

...unable to grasp its depth,
and ignorant of its value...

Leader

If the occasion presents itself,
take charge of the timid cavalry.

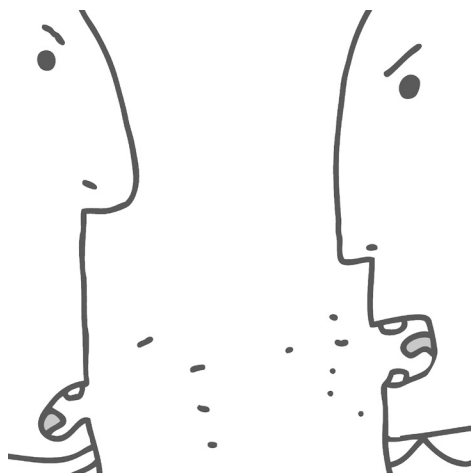




Err-uctance

When the spirit's unwilling,
errors are unwitting.

Erructance is a neologism, a portmanteau of 2 words, “error” and “reluctance”.

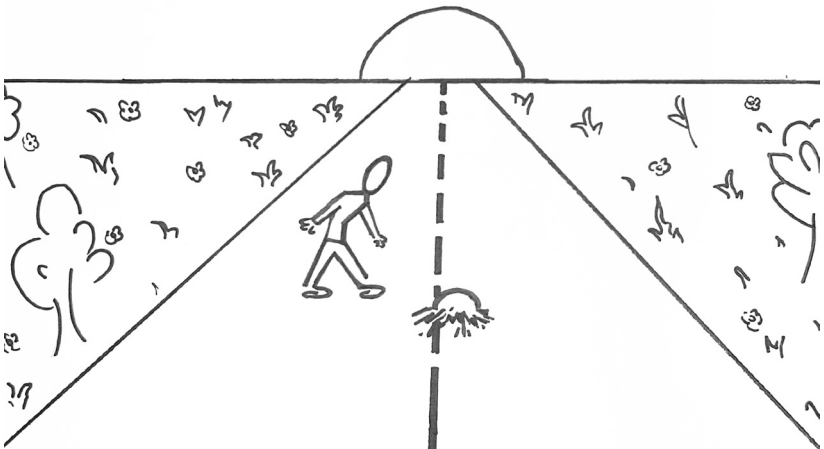


Harmonize

Erase this clash
of dissonant consonants.

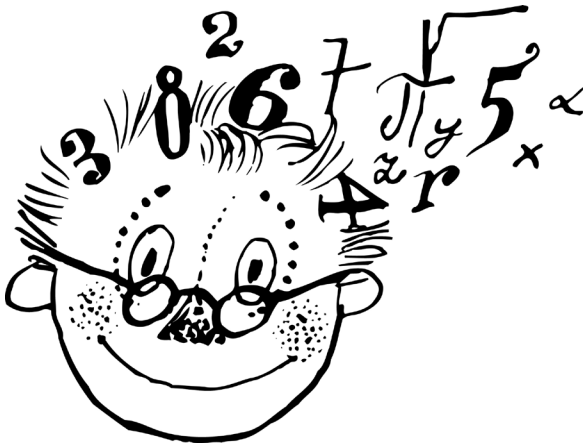
Yesterday...

I found a purpose lying on the road,
and made it mine.



Écrivez!

Write your name on the waves of a breeze,
to be carried forth and far on their vagaries...



“Écrivez” is the French verb for “write”.



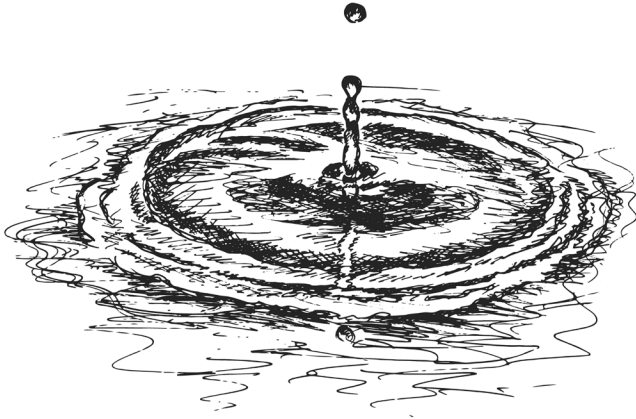
Soirée

In the sommelier's jar lives the feast
for the unruly spirits of the evening.

Subjugation

A blade of grass,
a prayer,
and your submissive will.
What else does the mighty Creator need?





Separation Anxiety

Have you ever noticed
the sadness of parting
in the spreading waves on the pond?

Death Becomes Her...

She and life;
goblets of smooth poison.





Struggle

Dueling for my relevance...
...my argument with the naught.



Humbling

Why speak in hubris?

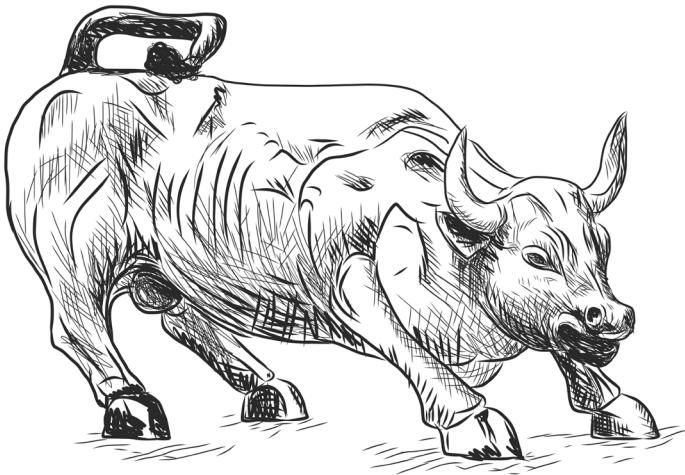
Hubris,
which walks on crumbling legs...

Tell. Do tell!

Dost thou have the power,
to reach into the past,
and move a mote of dust?

Think Ahead

Never take a wild bull hostage;
it will make you earn its ransom.





Conjugal

Virgin canvass.

Amorous paints.

Art!

Relativity

The executioner is never late.
The executioner is always,
and at all times,
too early.



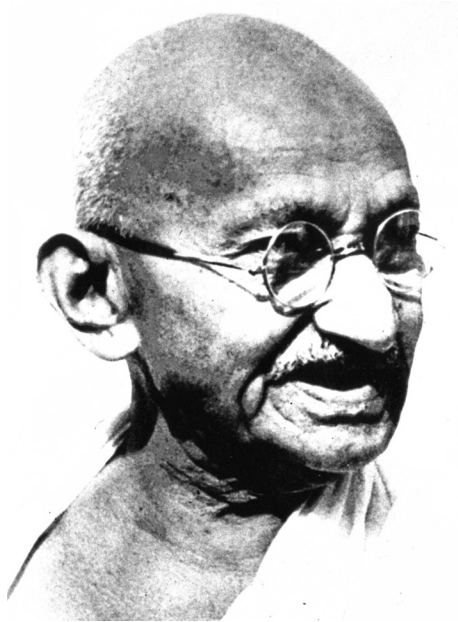


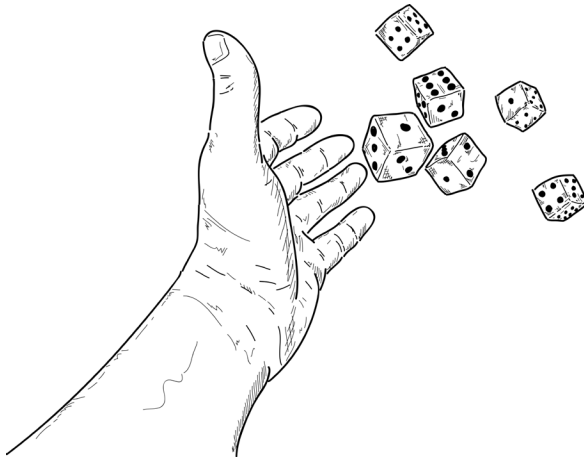
Time Enough?

Ask for the gift of age...
...or haste.

A Personal Crêdo

Stand tall,
even if alone.





Recipe

Toss your chosen words
into the gambler's tumbler;
swirl them with vigor, as Fates foretold;
unfurl those dice and watch
the tableau of life unfold...

Spare Cards

Every man has his favorite sin,
and a sacrificial virtue...





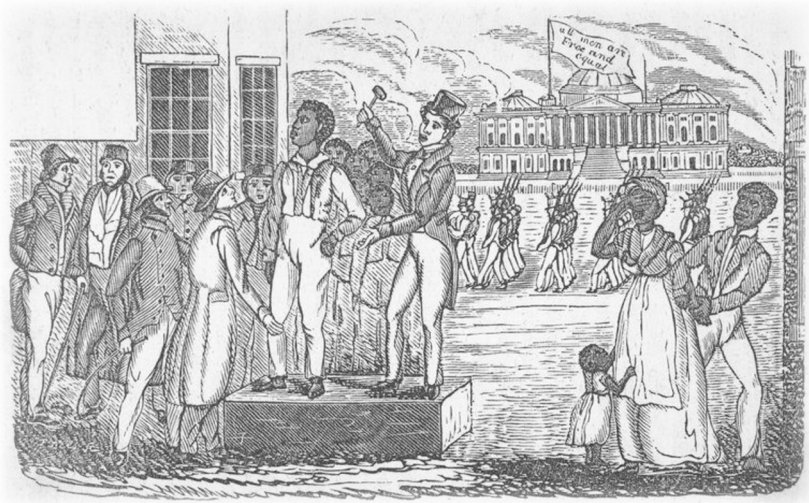
The Holy Man's Truth

In his apotheosis was he robbed of his failures,
and adorned with successes unearned...

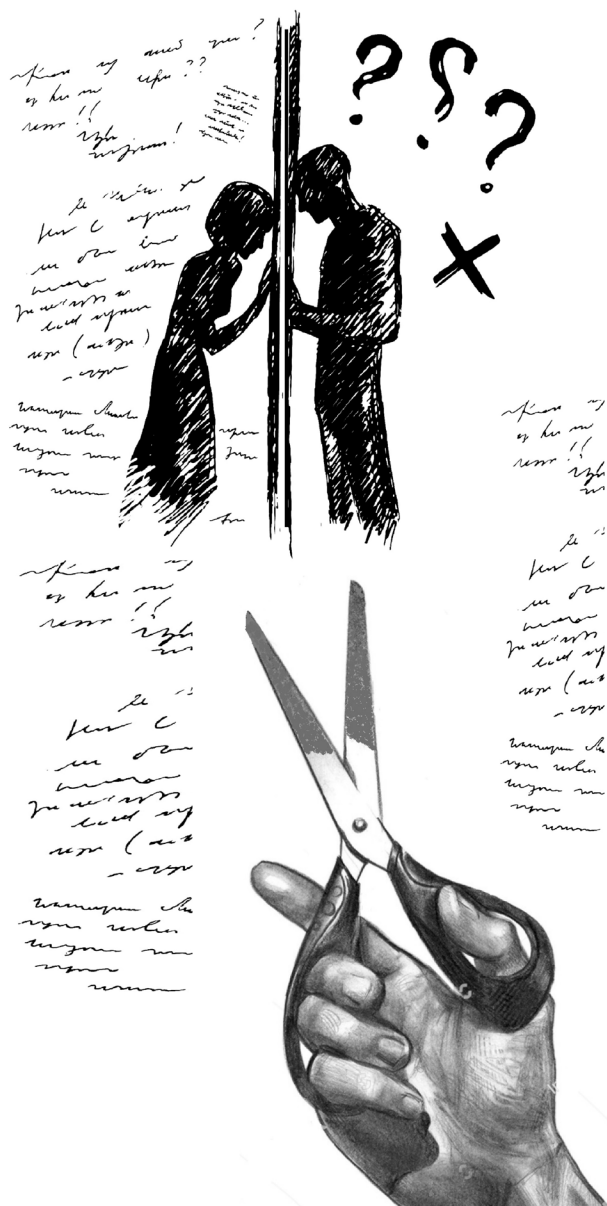
Apotheosis means the elevation of something or someone to the status of sainthood or divinity.

Racial Memory

The brown man bears the scars
of white men and dark hearts...



Quiescence - Musings Against a Setting Sun

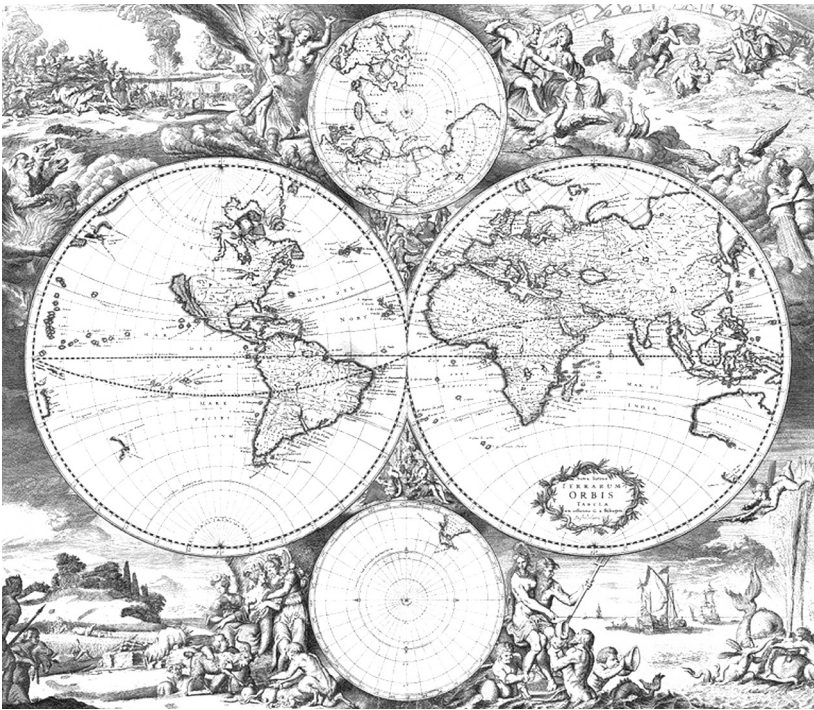


Trust, Or Lack Thereof

In shambles and tatters,
the memories of his lost love,
torn and shredded
by the scissoring blades
of doubt and faith.

Machinations

Throw a few lines on the map.
Divide the people.





Feel Its Romance!

A moonlit journey,
once begun,
is guided by the stars.



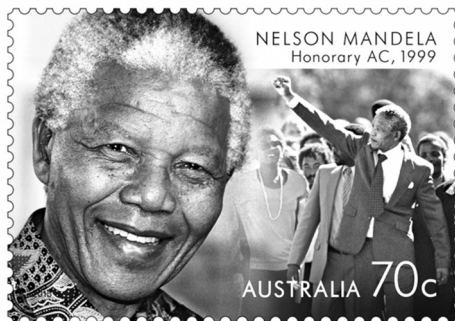
Quantum Flux

From the ether we rise
to say a few words
to the cosmic void,
before the voice becomes one
with the eternal silence
once again...



What Counts?

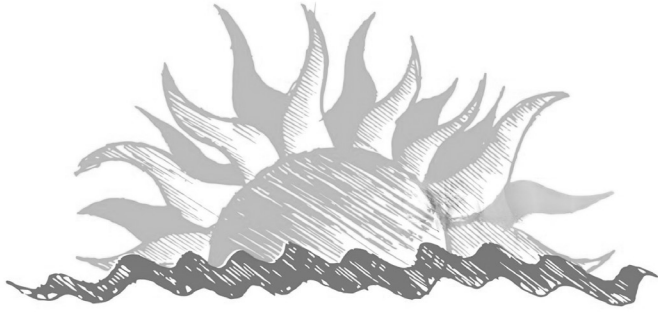
It is true that the gods have seen the future,
but it is Men who have written history.



Essence

A river
without its wetness
is not a river,
just a gravel bed.

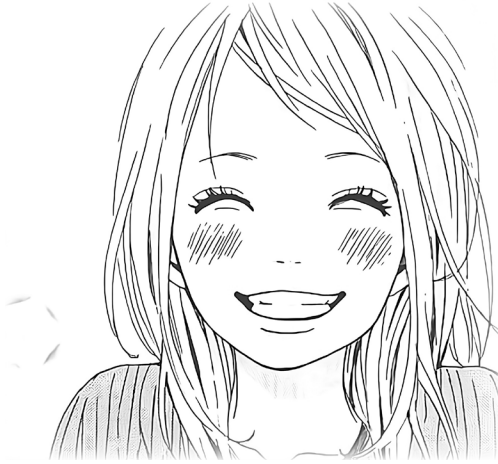




Why?

What hold does the blue sky claim over the sun
that he burns eternal,
protests not nor seethe?
And what salve does the green earth offer,
but an ocean of watery wreath?

But burns he does,
ever and anon,
selflessly...



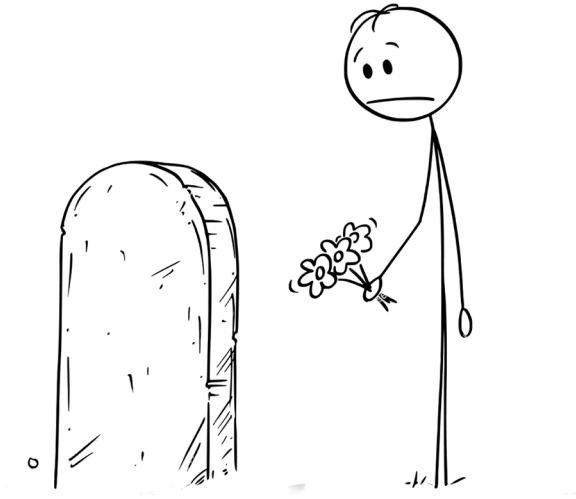
Spontaneous

A precious penny one finds
for a smile which blooms of its own accord,
and therein lies the secret...

Smile for no reason at all.

Rationed

Taken are all the tombs for dying wishes,
no tinder left
for the bonfire of dirges.



Dirges are doleful, solemn songs expressing sorrow for the dead.



Judgment

Are we not to speak to our gods as equals?
Are we to not demand
an account of their iniquities?

Squirting Lemon in Milk

Ahh... but when does the beauty of Art
stay untouched by sophistry?
When have jealousies
not curdled the milk of artistry?





Paupers

These cards have been bought!
These boards compromised!
Is there no valor left,
no honor but theorised?

Crumbling

Brittle is the statue of loyalty
molded when it is
of cloying clay of unctuousness.



Unctuous = Excessively flattering; overly ingratiating.



The painting / mural is by the Italian Renaissance painter, Luca Signorelli (c1441-1523). Titled "The Sermons and Deeds of the Antichrist", located at the Orvieto Cathedral in Italy. Notice the devil whispering to the Antichrist at the bottom of the painting.

Double-Blind

The man,
bathed in utter darkness,
whispered sombrely,

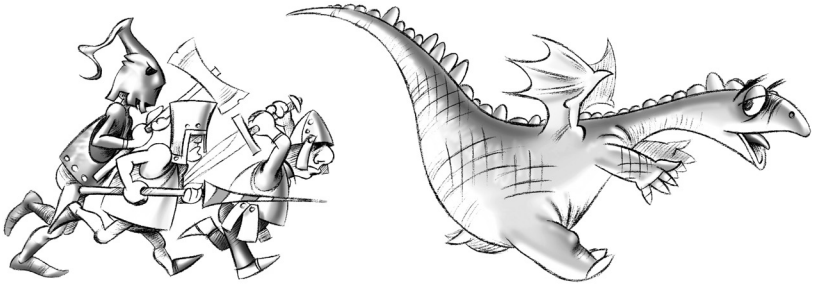
*"I'm sorry,
I did not see anything,
for my eyes were closed"*



Dam It...

Let your grieving tears hold their fort,
for a flood now
would sweep away an innocent countryside.





Samurâi

To fight with borrowed sword,
that is not the way of the warrior...

Self-Denied

Precious are the rose-hearted mercies
sitting on the edges of blood-thirsty blades,
and for tragedy!
Such few are to be found
in the vastness of human dealings with itself...



Ontology

Life is a bridge
from Oblivion to Oblivion,
and we know not
why the bridge exists...



Ontology is the metaphysical study of the nature of existence and being.



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Ecrivez!

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The setting sun loosens the reins on imagination. Unshackled by the slipping grip of light on an increasingly quivering reality, the mind perceives the full spectrum of human emotions: the damp fears, poignant hopes, romance, glitz and desires... Lazy fancy takes hold at eventide after a day of sharp contours and plebeian commerce. The transition brought forth by dusk is marked by moments of perfect tranquility, where sounds take the lower berth and images of nature magnify. The mind goes into ruminations of things extant and unreal, of wistful memories and wishful future. That is when the pen moves of its own accord, and to twist Khayyam, *"having writ, moves on"*...



“ For an eternity will remain to critique,
what a moment of fancy may create,
if only that moment could deny,
the banality of the critical eye... ”



Poetry



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